This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

✓ Poetry, American

NBI

Poe

THE RAVEN

THE RAVEN

BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Richard G. Badger & Co.
BOSTON

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. He died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. His first book was *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, published during May, 1827. *The Raven* was contributed to *The American Review* of February, 1845, and was reprinted, with emendations, under the title of *The Raven and Other Poems*, the same year.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
86327B
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1940 L

THE COVER DESIGN IS BY MR. FRANK BIRD MASTERS, THE PAGE DECORATION BY MR. THEODORE BROWN HAPGOOD, JR.
COPYRIGHT 1898 BY RICHARD G. BADGER & CO.

THE RAVEN

I.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,

II.

AS of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

III.

OH! distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought
its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had sought to borrow

IV.

FROM my books surcease of sorrow,—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels named Lenore,—
Nameless here forevermore.

v.

AND the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me,— filled me with fantastic
terrors never felt before.
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,

VI.

"'TIS some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door:
That it is, and nothing more."

VII.

PRESENTLY my soul grew stronger.
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your
forgiveness I implore.
But the fact is, I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,

VIII.

"AND so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."
Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

IX.

DEEP into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,

863278

x.

AND the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

XI.

BACK into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something
louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window-lattice:

XII.

"LET me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

XIII.

OPEN then I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he,
Not an instant stopped or stayed he,

XIV.

BUT, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door,—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

xv.

THEN this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven.

XVI.

"GHASTLY, grim, and ancient raven,
Wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVII.

MUCH I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little
relevancy, bore.
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being

XVIII.

EVER yet was blessed with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore!"

XIX.

BUT the raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered,

xx.

TILL I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before:
On the morrow he will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

XXI.

STARTLED at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is
its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful disaster

XXII.

"FOLLOWED fast and followed faster,
Till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope
That melancholy burden bore,—
Of 'Nevermore,— nevermore!'"

XXIII.

BUT the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird and bust and door.
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking

XXIV.

FANCY unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore —
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore!"

xxv.

THIS I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining

XXVI.

ON the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah! nevermore!

XXVII.

THEN, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee —
By these angels he hath sent thee

XXVIII.

"RESPITE,— respite and nepenthe
From the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XXIX.

"PROPHET," said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted,—

xxx.

"ON this home by horror haunted,—
Tell me truly, I implore,
Is there,— is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me,— tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XXXI.

"PROPHET," said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that heaven that bends above us,
by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aiden,

XXXII.

"IT shall clasp a sainted maiden,
Whom the angels name Lenore,—
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden,
Whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XXXIII.

"BE that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tempest and
the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

XXXIV.

"LEAVE my loneliness unbroken!
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

xxxv.

AND the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,

XXXVI.

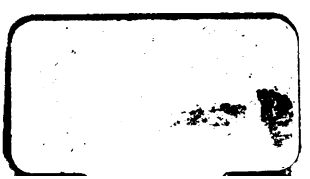
AND the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

Of this edition, 500 copies are printed on Bangalore deckle edge paper in October, 1898.

BOTOLPH CLASSICS.

A series of small volumes selected from the masterpieces of the world's poets; artistically bound after designs by Mr. Frank Bird Masters, and the text enclosed by colored decorations of great charm. Each volume in a box. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00 each.

NOW READY.

1. *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.* By RUDYARD KIPLING.
2. *The Dream of Eugene Aram.* By THOMAS HOOD.
3. *The Raven.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Other volumes in preparation.